

11/18/06

Dear Kevin,

I am writing this letter to tell you a little about my son, how he was raised and what kind of a life he had.

He is the first born of seven children. He was followed by five sisters and when he was eighteen, I had another son.

I've often thought if he had a brother closer to his age to share a bedroom and talks, things might be different today. But, that wasn't God's will.

Jeffrey attended eight years of Catholic grade school where he played basketball and football. He was always a good student. He studied hard and was always in the top 10% of his class.

His high school years were at a large public high school where he also maintained high grades.

His first job, when he was eleven

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years old was delivering the morning newspaper. (3 days a week) He did this for about four years. He then worked after school at odd jobs and earned his own spending money and bought most of his own clothes.

Money was not abundant in our house and I remember one instant... It was a Saturday and the house was full of kids (mine & neighbors). It was time to go to the grocery store, but I had no money. I went to my bedroom and was crying.

Jeffrey was the only one who noticed something ^{was} wrong. He came to me and asked what it was. He then went to his room and gave me \$50 and said, "This will never happen to my wife. I have often thought maybe that is why he never married. Maybe his life would have been different if he would have

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had a wife and children.

When he was in his early teens we realized he was out at night peering in windows. I wish we should have gotten him some help at that time.

When it was time for college, he decided he wanted to go to Wabash College. It is a private, small all boys college and quite expensive. We had no money to help him. He found grants and had a couple of small scholarships. He found a good summer job and paid all his own way for all four years.

He then took a year off before he entered law school. At that time we were able to help him a little. He worked two jobs for part of those years.

After getting his degree, he worked for a short time with a lawyer, then opened his own practice. It was in a "not so good" part of town. After about

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a year he moved to a better location. He brought in three other lawyers to rent offices in this building.

He was doing well, but we had no idea that he was having these troubles until he was arrested the first time.

He served his time, then came home and lived with us for a year. He worked for a roofer friend, then for a car rental firm where he was in charge of their insurance department. He did a good job for them, but one day they let him go. Said he just didn't fit in.

He then went for quite some time looking for another job. Finally went with a new car company in their sales department.

Then it all happened again. When we went to clean out his house, he asked me to be sure to get the books beside his bed. And was a Bible study book where he had many notes and

many underlines. I could see he was reading and praying for help with his addiction. I so wish he would have asked for help, but guess he was too ashamed to do so.

I want to add that he has always chosen the very best of friends and girlfriends.

Many of his grade school and high school friends are still his very best friends.

For instance, Richard Cook who says himself, "I was a nerd" but Jeffrey always talked to me and included me in his group. He now is a lawyer and represents Jeffrey in his lockcase.

Another friend, Rick Gilbert moved from a small country school to the large high school and was a little out of place.

Jeffrey liked him and included him in his group. He is now an executive with AT & T.

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I never wanted to bring this up with anyone again but if it will help my son, I feel I must do so.

This part of my letter is for you only and hopefully the Judge. I do not want Jeffery or any of his siblings to know of this.

After about fifteen years of marriage to his father, I found out my husband was a "peeping tom". I think he may have had this problem from an early age. I got him to a doctor, but he refused to see him but a few times. It did stop though.

Now, I find him viewing pornography on his TV and on his computer.

I have read recently that addictive behavior may be inherited. I also am addicted to tobacco.

Please, please deal with this with great discretion. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Carol Crosby